

No. 4
1962

the

Diamond



THIS TIME?

1962

the

VOLUME 4

Diamond

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Authorized as second
class mail, Post Office
Department, Ottawa,
Canada, 1952.

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TO OUR READERS...

This issue of the Diamond, although not really much different from any other issue, is devoted to showing some of the lighter sides of the inmate and his problems. The management decided upon this simply because, for the first time in months, it received some rather humorous inmate contributions.

The life of an inmate is a rather dull, lacklustre existence based completely upon conformity to regulations laid down by the institution's administration, and upon the monotony of a never-changing day to day routine. Many confined men lash out at the routine and are defeated by it, but in this issue, we present humorous little articles by inmates who, instead of lashing out at anything, are laughing at everything; at themselves, at their fellow inmates, at the institution, and at the world.

Within the walls of a penitentiary where there can always be found anxieties, and where there can always be found bitterness, anger, and hatred; where there are numerous frustrations and anxieties, and where there is a great deal of suppression, it takes a good man to arise in the morning with a smile on his face. It takes an even better man to retain that same smile throughout the day and wear it to his bed with him in the evening.

Herein, with the exception of the profile serial and the regular features, are contributions from just such men.

NEWS BRIEFS.....

Distribution
Requests of
To Monies
Deputy Warden
TWENTY \$\$

The Diamond has been asked to inform the inmates that in future, all requests with the exception of those pertaining to School, Library, or Hobby-craft, are to be addressed to the Deputy Warden. This procedure is in conjunction with a directive making the Deputy Warden responsible for all inmate requests, problems, or complaints.

Effective as of April 1, the Warden may authorize the following payments from the inmate's compulsory savings account: If an inmate has twenty dollars or more credited to his account, the Warden may authorize payment of any part of this toward any venture directly related to inmate rehabilitation when he is released.

Escapes

If there are further escapes or threats of escapes, the institution will be forced to tighten its security and this threat might even necessitate the returning of armed guards to the towers. Under the new Remission System an escapee automatically forfeits seventy-five percent of his statutory remission. He cannot earn any of this remission back as he could under the previous system. The escapee also has all his accumulated canteen funds transferred to his compulsory savings account, thus allowing no immediate canteen benefits.

FIFTY \$\$

If an inmate has fifty dollars or more in his compulsory savings account, the Warden may authorize payment of all or any part of the excess toward any special course of instruction or examination.

ONE HUNDRED \$\$

If an inmate has one hundred dollars or more in his compulsory savings account, the Warden may authorize payment of all or any part of the excess to the inmate's immediate family or relatives designated by him.

Numbers

All inmates will revert to the use of their Kingston numbers in the very near future. This should keep all clerks busy for some time, but after all the present numbers are changed, it should make all transfers a little less complicated.

Release Dates

Approximate release dates, in connection with the new Remission System which became effective April 1, will be distributed to all inmates as soon as the Records Office has computed them. It is to be stressed that these will be approximate dates.

Training Record

As of April 1, 1962, an Individual Training Record will be kept on all inmates. This record will include verification of academic and vocational training, work habits, pertinent comments by teachers or instructors, and may be used as a reference when applying for employment outside.

A A Meetings

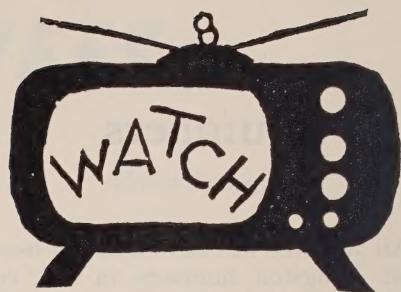
The weekly meetings of Alcoholics Anonymous have been changed from Wednesday to Tuesday. This change was effected to rid the A.A. Group of "dead-weight", persons interested only in escaping from their cells on lock-up night and, although this might decrease the number of the group, it does serve to assure the group that all members are sincere in attending its meetings, especially when one considers that now the members must give up an evening of television to attend an A.A. meeting.

Membership in A.A. reflects a sincere desire to cease drinking. Anyone wishing to attend these meetings should contact the present Chairman Fred Morton.

Population of A A World

It might be appropriate to mention here that, in A.A., there are in excess of 300,000 men and women from every walk of life; judges, lawyers, priests, ministers, the wealthy and the poor. One thing all these people have in common is that they are all alcoholics. They recognize this, admit it, and are trying to do something about it. Membership in this worthy organization doesn't cost a cent, the only price is a sincere desire to stop drinking and to help others who want to stop drinking.

WHAT THE INMATES



Besides watching any movie with a pretty girl involved, the man dealing in a card game, the officer supervising their work to see if he is watching them, and the Diamond editor on his seemingly meaningless strolls around the institution, the inmates also watch television. They very rarely ever hear it, mind you, but they do watch it.

The following is a condensed inmate rating of television programmes, and if anyone should find that he or she enjoys the same television habits; they had better be extremely cautious. We do not suggest that any reader cease watching his favourite programme because it corresponds with what the inmates watch, but we do suggest that he might possibly enjoy life in such an institution, and this would be a very clear indication that he was on the verge of insanity.

The favourite of favourites (because it is voted by the hardy sportsmen who, although they may be in the minority, are never in such a minority that one of their sporting events could be voted out) is the hockey which is broadcasted every Saturday night. Next in popularity is the Dick Powell Theatre, and then the Ed Sullivan Show. Specials are also favourites, but only if they have horses in them.

After the aforementioned programmes, any series in which there are horses or guns take precedence over all

else. Westerns, detective stories, and mysteries are especially acceptable to the inmate majority. have horses in them.

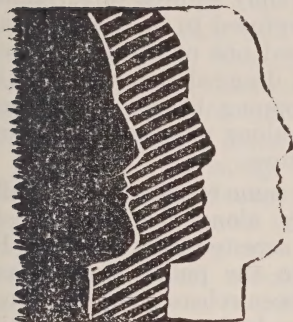
and roll musicians, singers, or dancers.

The inmate taste might be quite normal, we admit, but it is their television manners that we question. To cite an example of inmate taste and manners: when Judy Garland Special was broadcasted on the local network, a majority wanted to watch the ever-popular Bonanza, but since they were hoodwinked into thinking that it was not available, instead of excepting the fact quietly and running off to the corner to sulk, they sat defiantly in front of the set and created as much restless noise as possible, joking and laughing, and commenting on how amateur the programme was.

Another favourite TV trick here is to watch one half of a programme and then switch and watch another half of another programme. This might be understandable if they were variety shows, but in most cases they are dramas. How this procedure ever began, we do not pretend to know, but it has grown in popularity, until soon we may expect to view nothing but half programmes.

No, on second thought, none of our readers could be this bad!

ACTUAL CASE HISTORIES



PROFILE

Neighbourhoods can be good and neighbourhoods can be bad. Unfortunately the neighbourhood where Manny was born and lived was a bad one. Situated somewhat near the centre of the large city, Manny's neighbourhood had for years been associated with dirt, garbage, drunkenness, and crime. The police patrolled the area in pairs at night, and because of the hard core criminal element who dwelled, fought, drank, stole, and frequently killed within the flexible boundaries of this neighbourhood, the police had found it necessary to use brute force to dissuade or apprehend criminals, juvenile delinquents, and even *drunks*. It was a widely accepted and well appreciated truth that no one ever left the local police station without literally having his head kicked in. Whether this process was a deterrant, an incentive, or neither, only the statisticians and criminologists, if they were interested, could say, but we do know that just the thought of it made Manny embittered against all forms of law and order.

This was the environment in which

THE FOURTH IN A SERIES

by

The Editorial Staff

Manny eked out his early years. The inhabitants of this neighbourhood, including his father, were forever looking for the "quick buck", and when Manny was twelve years old, he was sent to the store for groceries. He was told by his father to steal whatever he could. Wanting very much to prove his worth to his father, Manny gathered several of his companions about him, and together they proceeded to make the rounds of the local stores. Manny returned to his father and proudly presented him with about twenty dollars worth of groceries which had cost nothing. His father, who was drunk at the time, swatted him along the side of the head and cursed him for forgetting cigarettes. Manny went back to the store and stole some cigarettes.

This process became a daily, after-school routine for Manny, and usually, if he made a good "haul", his father would flip him a half dollar and send him off to a well-deserved movie.

After a time, Manny began to dislike school and he went on day-long shop-lifting tours. His father didn't seem to mind this, but one day a representative of the school board called at the house and threatened to take the child away from the father and either place him in an orphanage, a foster home, or a training school. From that time until his fifteenth birthday, Manny attended school regularly. But now, he began to prow] at night with groups of the neighbourhood boys.

One evening, when Manny and two of his young companions were prowling in a laneway behind a factory building, a police cruiser started along the other end of the lane. Seeing the car and recognizing it to be the police, Manny let out a shout and he and his companions began to run for their lives.

The police braked the car and shouted for the boys to stop. The boys, however, did not stop, so the police began to shoot at them. Hearing the thunderous noise of the shots, the boys who were with Manny wanted to surrender, but Manny refused to be thus disgraced. He slapped one of the boys across the face and dragged the other one by the arm. Hopping lithely over fences and running along alleyways, the boys avoided capture.

Later that same evening, while walking aimlessly along the side streets, Manny was arrested as a vagrant. He was taken to the police station, and would have been released shortly if one of the officers had not recognized him as one of the boys who hung around the corners. Manny was taken into a small room which the detectives used for interrogations. After sitting in this small room for half an hour or more, two plainclothed officers entered and proceeded to ask him questions. Manny, adhering to a policy he had learned from his father, remained silent. The officers, after calling him various foul sounding names, proceeded to beat the boy with their fists, to pull his hair, and to step upon his toes. The boy, although he had nothing to hide, still remained silent. Finally they threw him in a cell for several hours, and then released him.

Manny left the police station that evening full of hatred. He never forgot that brutal beating, and he never forgave the police. Manny was then fourteen years old.

By the time he was fifteen, Manny was making a living by stealing. He would steal anything and everything that could be sold. All the money he received was spent on bootlegged whiskey and girls. It was fun!

At the age of sixteen, Manny became involved with some older fellows, one of whom had already served a lengthy sentence in the penitentiary. These fellows were in possession of semi-legitimate cars, and they had all kinds of beautiful burglar tools. Every week the three men went out to "work", making anywhere from five hundred to seventeen thousand dollars in one night.

After several evenings of work with his new cohorts, Manny rented a big, bright apartment, and bought himself a new car. During his "work" with these professional criminals, Manny had learned how to cut, drill, and bash open safes and vaults, learned to freeze, strip, and cut burglar alarms, or otherwise eliminate the danger of an alarm disturbing his "work". He had learned also how to slide locks open with a small knife, and to slip them with strips of celuloide. He learned how to tear the cylinders from locks with a pair of vice-grips, or to unscrew them very neatly after some simple, preliminary inside duties had been observed. Manny also learned that a man, if he were to make his living through crime, must continually strive to improve his criminal methods. This Manny did.

By the time he was eighteen, Manny controlled two small bootlegging establishments, or "booze cans" as they are commonly appeled. an off-beat card game, and an illegal betting agency or "bookie joint". By this time Manny also had several older criminals working for him. They had found that crime was much more profitable if they sought the advice and assistance of Manny, for which they paid a percentage of their illegal receipts.

Manny had ascended in the world. He was now living in a plush apartment, entertaining several women

friends, and eating, drinking, and buying almost anything which he desired. It was a far cry from the old days. He had earned the respect of his fellow criminals, the respect of several prominent businessmen with whom he contracted shady business, and even the grudging respect of the police. Manny, however, was still not satisfied with himself or with his business. He could still see room for improvement.

Manny contacted several locksmiths and finally found one who was willing to make custom made keys for him. Next, he contacted a person who was employed by a major safe and vault company, and ascertained from this party as much information as was available about the company and its products. Another thing that Manny did was to issue implicit orders to all his assistants making sure that whenever they were about to go to "work", they were properly dressed in a suit and tie, carried their tools in a briefcase, and that they went to work during daylight, preferably immediately after the "spot" had closed. The latter policy was based on the theory that the police were alertly looking for burglaries after dark, but rarely or never during daylight hours.

Another of Manny's basic precepts was that a man, if apprehended by the constabulary, should not open his mouth, other than to give the officers his name and address and the phone number of his attorney.

Business progressed smoothly for a while, but then the police, on alternate evenings, smashed open his bootlegging establishments, and within a week they were hounding Manny, picking him up at every opportunity. They were certain that Manny was involved in many of the criminal activities that occurred

in their city, but they couldn't prove anything against him. And, by this time, Manny had retained one of the more prominent lawyers, and the police, realizing this, were not so bold as to strike him. Manny laughed in their faces, and would have spit in them too, if he were not certain that they would lock him up for it.

With the police observing his every move, and waiting anxiously for him to make a mistake, Manny very wisely went into temporary retirement. Moving to the suburbs, Manny rented a small restaurant and hired several people to manage the business end of it. The business showed a small profit, but this was not enough for Manny's expensive tastes.

During the two months that he had been in the restaurant business, Manny had also been busy making plans. The police did not seem to be watching him anymore, and he was becoming impatient to get back to "work". So, gathering with three of his faithful friends, Manny outlined his plans. To steal in the city, he declared was immensely dangerous and foolish, but to steal out of town, was relatively safe. Manny went on to tell them that he had received a "tip" from a friend in a nearby city. Apparently, as Manny told it, there was a pile of money sitting in a small vault, just waiting for them to pick it up. He told them that he would make the trip, and if everything met with his approval, he would make all the necessary arrangements, and give them a call in a few days. They all agreed.

Manny went. The place did meet with his approval, and after making all the arrangements for tools, cars, and accommodations, he called in his men. They arrived the following day,

received their instructions from Manny, and circulated about the city until the appointed hour.

Two minutes after the establishment had locked up for the night, Manny walked to the front door, inserted his key into the lock, and entered. Three other men followed him. Six minutes later, they exited with a sizeable amount of money and some invaluable merchandise.

That night, four cars, carrying four very satisfied visitors, sped away from the city. And the following morning, the city's police force was dumbfounded.

Manny, who was now twenty-three, decided that it was finally time for him to settle down. His restaurant was doing well, and he was thinking of opening another in the near future. He had also met a nice girl, and was thinking very seriously of getting married. He stayed away from his friends and from the old neighbourhood. He concentrated all his time now on running his legal business, and on wooing his girl friend.

One night, however, Manny and his girl had a very spirited argument. Manny left the restaurant, drove around in the dark for an hour or so, and finally drove to his old neighbourhood. In the hotel, Manny and his friends joked, laughed, and argued. They had a good time, all at Manny's expense. Then, one of the fellows said that he knew where there was a good "spot", and they all listened intently. Being extremely drunk, Manny agreed to accompany them to the "spot", and to open the safe for them.

The men drove out to the building. Manny hopped from the car and opened the door to the building, only to be confronted by two police officers with

their guns pointed at his stomach.

"Don't move," growled one of the officers, "or I'll blow a hole right through you."

Manny smiled an ugly smile. "You'd like that wouldn't you?"

The officer smashed the heavy weapon down upon Manny's head, sending him into unconsciousness. The next thing Manny remembered was driving somewhere in the dark.

The next morning, feeling very sick

and sorry, Manny appeared in court. Knowing that he was defeated, he pleaded guilty before the magistrate, and was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary.

What will Manny do when he's released?

Says Manny: "It's hard to answer when you're in here. I guess no one really knows what they're going to do for sure, but I've had enough of this kind of life."

INMATE CONCERT SUCCESS

Led by veteran performer Willie Poulin, a select and talented group of Collin's Bay inmates captivated an audience of well in excess of three hundred to produce what might well be recognized as the most popular and successful variety show ever to be staged at this institution.

The show began very slowly, but after the initial cases of stage fright, things began to run smoothly and the entire show began to roll. Song, dance, and humour were tossed neatly together so that the show was never a drone.

Tops among performers were the Vi-Tones, Don Grosse, Rollie Beauregard, and Willie Poulin. The latter was the hit of the show and left the audience applauding for several minutes after he had fled the stage. Poulin, magic with either song, dance or humour, polished off several exciting tap routines, voiced two humorous songs, launched into a humour routine with Bob Leigh, and, as an encore, played the bottles getting more music out of them than the rest of the band, with the exception of Grosse and Beauregard, got from their more refined instruments.

All in all the show was a success. There were a few negative notes, but these were quickly covered up and won back by the more proficient entertainers.

Poem of the month

Seek

Oh God above, immortal,
Breathe into me some song,
Reopen this closed portal,
Deprived these years so long.

You made the mighty redwood
A strong and sturdy tree;
In this, I see a world of good,
But that was meant for me.

In fear I search a hungry mind,
For wonders far beyond —
Could it be that I am blind?
Or have I broken our bond?

Then, in despair, I find a thought,
Which fills my heart with light;
I see the gift my prayer has wrought,
Inspiring me to write.

An Inmate



H U M O U R



A man asked his boss for a raise. "But I gave you a \$10.00 increase last month," the boss said.

"Holy mackerel" the man exclaimed, "my wife didn't tell me."

Wife: "Why, George,, you took the wrong carriage — this baby isn't ours!"

Husband: "Shut up! This one has rubber tires."

One of the girls in the office wore a smock to work, but never again. She was asked so many questions she had to pin a sign on it: "No I'm not!" I'm just cold!"

"Did you get home from the party all right last night?"

"Fine ,thanks, except that just as I was turning into my street, some idiot stepped on my fingers."

The little boy was playing in the living room and he had his building blocks all over the floor. His mother found him and the blocks like this when she commenced her house cleaning. "Jimmy," she said, "you've been playing with those blocks all morning, now go across the street and watch the contractors building that house."

Jimmy didn't like the idea, but he left. At dinner time his mother began to worry, but a few minutes later he came in. The first thing that he did was to drag his blocks out into the centre of the living room floor. His mother went into the kitchen to put the dinner on the table. While she was doing this, she could hear Jimmy talking. When she looked into the living room, Jimmy was alone. "Move that damn thing just a little bit more to the left" Jimmy said angrily, holding his thumb up to his eye. "No! no! you dummy, that's too damn far. . .back to the right."

On hearing this, his mother grabbed him by the arm and sent him flying toward the front door. "You go outside and get me a switch," she said. Jimmy just stood there and looked at her. "Get me a switch," she screamed, "do you hear me?"

"Sure I hear you," replied Jimmy, "but if you want a switch lady, go and get it yourself , I'm not an electrician."

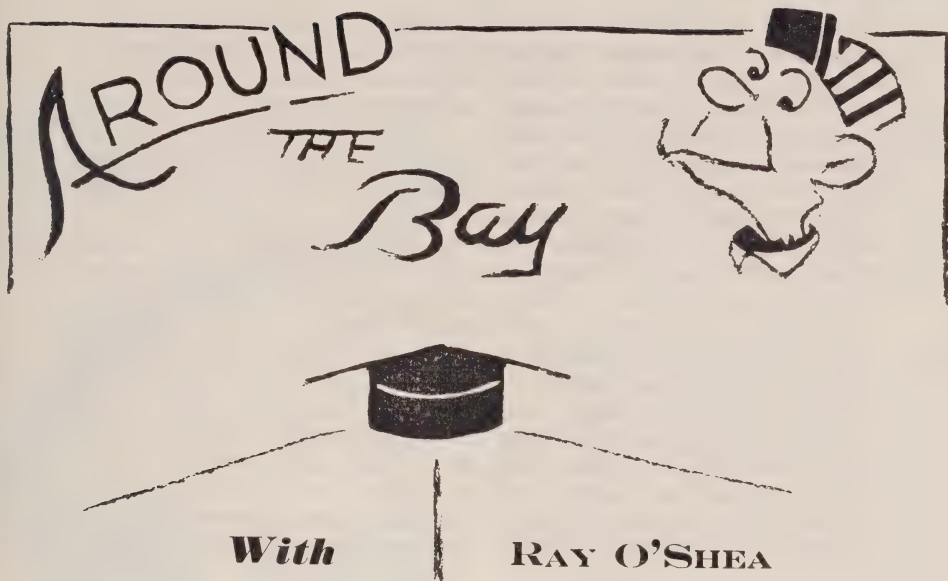
A Poem

Three monkeys sat in a coconut tree,
Discussing things like you and me,
Said one to the others, "now listen you two;
I hear a rumour that cannot be true,
That man has descended from our noble race,
The very idea is a great disgrace,
Why, no monkey ever deserted his wife,
Starved his children and ruined his life,
And who ever heard of a mother monk
Leaving her children with others to bunk?
Pushing them off from one to another,
'Till they scarcely know who is their mother?"

EVOLUTION

by Joe Thorsteinson

"Another thing you'll never see,
Is a monkey-built fence round a coconut tree,
Letting the coconuts go to waste,
Forbidding others to have a taste.
Why, if I built a fence round a coconut tree,
Starvation would force you to steal — from me,
And another thing a monk won't do,
Go out at night and get in a stew.
Make a fool of himself; stir up strife,
Or with a gun or a club take another man's life.
Of course man descended, the ornery cuss,
But brother, he didn't descend from us!"



Ray O'Shea, Collin's Bay's man of many mysteries, travelling always incognito, peeking his big, bloodshot eyes around clouded corners, and into every crack and crevice, again donates the labours of his poison pen and his warped mind to the Diamond, after which, he yawns languidly and slinks away into obscurity until the writing of another issue.

So what's new? Billy Thornton, who surprisingly enough is still walking unsupported, has been heard threatening Diamond management for recent publicity. Ha! "Rolly Polly" Ridout also has the scent. Jack "Bundles" Sharpe denies carrying mysterious parcels... anymore! Hector LaFrance, who is hardly recognizable now that he has hacked off his beard, is to be seen working diligently at petit-point, which incidentally, he does very well. Tremblay also on the petit-point, but seems to be having a little difficulty figuring out his time. Doug Petet working hard on the weights, but still a paper boy. Larry "Gulcher" Fairbairn in mourning. Mike Brady, otherwise known as "the nose", seems very unhappy without his nip of Irish and things to be found under the Christmas tree.

John Meany was caught doing the Twist in his cell. He said he was practicing for Teen-Age Dance Party. Roy Perriard emulating Jacques Plante with the touque. Alex O'Neill made the scene. Still a little humped from the sawbuck, but I guess it is a little hard to carry. Blown forty pounds of the best.

"Boomer" has another toothache! Big John Grabouski, who is continually complainant these days, can be heard mumbling re-sounding oaths, curses, and the occasional harrumph! Is it true that Ed Judge, George Preston, and Bruce Beechener turned down the opportunity to go to camp so that they could play on the Sinners this year? Is it true that Mike Berthiaume drives a Dodge? Old "Boat Race" Norm Powers is thinking of managing a ball team this year, but the concensus is that he'll swim, as usual. Is Will with John at the Walker House in Toronto? Ed "Some Head" Roach and "Ripper" Martin said to be playing hockey at camp. Rather unusual! What's this "Wedding Bells" bit with the muscle man who is a Judge... of character? Happen to know that this chap is Toronto born and bred, yet now he's on Capitol Hill bit! Memo to Jimmy Armour: the eye is on you Daddy-O! Also on the "lump". Billy Mac Isaac, one of Collin's Bay's authorized idiots, gimping around like an old (ain't it da truth) man after his recent operations. Like, how can a guy go for the works at once? Few of our illustrious bull gang members decided to bid "Cookie" Bon Voyage. Result: disastrous! Pete "the cheat" Berretti moving around like a guy on a Whizzie bike, 'cepting he ain't got no bike.

From Dapper Dan Taylor comes the following bits of info: Michael or should it be Michelle Subanovitch, along with Ed "Sam Cooke" Judge and Larry "the Berry" Vantour will be available for Twist lessons every Saturday morning. Boston and Mavety, known as the Cut-Up Twins, seem to be enjoying their holiday here immensely! Oh well, I guess that's allowed?? — If that child's play game called basketball ever gets in the groove around here, a team entitled "Boissennault's Bandits" should top the heap, manned as they are by such stalwart (maybe should be *stale*) old pros as "Strangler" Pete, Red "the slim man" McDermott (a holy terror when it comes to tackling), Doug "Bull (headed)" Marsden, "Tiny" MacDougall, and such adept young rookies as Don "Scotty" Saunders (at least 30), "Hank the blank" Larabie, ugh (all thumbs), and that master of the game, our own Wilt the Stilt, Ernest William Coates Sr. Of course there is also the playmaking manager and coach Billy "Legs" Boissennault, but we understand that he's really just a flunky trying to horn in on the glory! Ken Schram seems to be in hiding. Never knew that Chuck McCarthy was talented! For that matter, until recently we didn't know that Jas. MacNeil was nuts! Balls and gloves are beginning to appear, and to prove conclusively that spring is here, Joe McKeown just arrived from K.P. After recent performance, Donny Irwin should wear a special type of belt. For safety purposes only!

RADIO



CKCB

Congratulations could well be deserved by James "Red" McDermott, the recently appointed radio operator of CKCB, which is the unofficial voice of Collin's Bay Penitentiary, and which sometimes transmits the official voice (e.g. the deputy warden, the chief keepers, notices from Mr. Lundy and Mr. Macey, and letters from head office — Ottawa). James, who took over from Len Heels, has taken his job very seriously, written to various radio stations for programme schedules, mimeographed catalogue supplements, tried to obtain new records, and has as a result, presented a more diversified schedule than at any previous time.

Another of Jim's laudable character-

istics is his brevity. Jim is brief with the institutional bulletins; he says what must be said and lets it go at that, not like many of the operators in the past who gave each bulletin several readings, interpreted it for the benefit of God knows who, and then mumbled incoherently after their "muddy" interpretations to amuse themselves at the expense of the inmates' exasperated ears.

In complete control of the radio operations at all times, Jim is ever open to suggestions, but he will let no inmate dictate to him. Before Jim took over the position, the inmates were fed a steady diet of "rock and roll", which, needless to say, can become effectively nauseating after about two and a half minutes of steady listening. (unless of course one is addicted.) But now, we are privileged to hear opera, the classics, jazz, musical comedy, show music and many of the all-time great artists of show business like Bing Crosby, Judy Garland, Frank Sinatra, Mario Lanza, and many others. These are played at appropriate hours of the evening and sometimes are scrambled in with "blues", "rock and roll", and western music. This way there is something for every inmate, and the radio is worth listening to...at times.

Jim admits that he doesn't know much about opera, symphony, or the classics, but he commented that he has no doubt that there are inmates who would like to hear this type of music, so he decided to play a little bit of everything.

No doubt Jim will have people banging on his door complaining about his schedule, but he, we think, will remain adamant, and will continue to run his own show.

F R U S T R A T E D

By

Bill Hardman

Each and every man who has ever, in all his life, been incarcerated in a penal institution, colony or otherwise has suffered from frustrations! The word frustration, by the way, is used in the modern, if somewhat incorrect sense (at least we hope it makes sense). Now, to get back to the problem, frustrations are delivered to each inmate in different ways, and in different shades, depths, and dimensions, but nevertheless frustrations they all are.

There are those among us who rely so much upon the week-end letter which has been arriving every week for

sixteen years, but perhaps the snow was a little deep, or the little woman had one of those miserable attacks that she hasn't had for twenty-two months, or perhaps the censor couldn't make it this week-end because he had a bank day or two coming and didn't want to have too many days in the bank, which of course isn't open on the week-end anyway. The inmate, however, does not know which of these things has happened, and as a result, suffers from the *no-mail-frustration*.

Then, again, it could be that for five days now you have plotted and planned and waited for Thursday night to shave. Naturally, when you left your little gold-plated bucket out for the janitor to fill with steaming hot water, your whole body, mind and soul was pacific and content as you thought of the smooth evening shave before you. But, alas, on that particular Thursday the Classification Officer decided that the time had come for him to talk things over with the janitor about whether he should give up his wife or his girl friend, thus leaving a very cold and very empty bucket sitting defiantly on the door step of your one room apartment. After one rather mournful look, and with tears running gleefully down your swollen cheeks, you pivot about with all the grace of an elephant and in a dull lion's roar, ask where is the janitor with your precious heated water. The good officer then confronts you, places his arm about your shoulder, and in a gentle and caressing tone, says, "oh, you poor boy, do go into your cell and let those lovely hot tears fall into the bucket, and then you will be able to shave after all!" So you enter your one room, self-contained compartment, but alas, you are not prepared for a big cry and you fall short of the necessary tears for a

Thursday night five day beard shave. This is called the *no hot water frustration*.

Then there is the 'I always get my man' television detective who travels all over the world machine-gunning a few bad guys here, dropping another from a twelve story building there, bashing in heads everywhere, and gilding an extremely beautiful damsel because he got his man, but not tonight. Before our hero has even half a chance to apprehend the dastardly one, the craven culprit surrenders to an insignificant little desk sergeant. This is commonly referred to as the *T.V. Detective frustration*.

Again you have the poor unfortunate wretch who every Friday noon for the past forty-one months knows that he is going to be able to enjoy a tasty dish of fish, and then this Friday morning he is taken with an attack of the crud, so away to the doctor he ambles for special treatment, which is, of all things, no fish on this Friday. Oh, the let-down when this poor inmate is refused his fish. This is called the *Nova Scotia Chicken frustration*.

And, of course, we must not forget the hill-billy music-lover who every Wednesday evening for the past thirty-two months has faithfully listened to all the Western requests played by his favourite and only inmate disc-jockey. But, on this particular Wednesday evening when the special request time rolls around; an event which the inmate has been excitedly awaiting all day, as he hurriedly gulps down his supper, makes down his bunk, rolls a smoke, checks his lighter, and lays quietly back to enjoy his favourite programme, he discovers much to his chagrin, that

the poor, misguided disc-jockey has decided that on this evening there will be no hill-billy request show. Oh, the *no hill-billy frustration* that is suffered by that inmate on Wednesday night!

And so, forever and on and on, the frustrations circulate, but if you have taken your daily dosage of tired blood tonic, with a minimum of effort you should be able to overcome all your frustrations. You can send your little woman an angry epistle announcing the immediate foreclosure of your romance via correspondence, and look mate, you have solved the *no mail frustration*; just no more mail. You can employ a new janitor, grow a beard, or purchase an electric razor to solve the five day Thursday night *no hot water frustration*. Of course you aren't allowed an electric razor or to grow a beard! Don't watch television and you have beat the T.V. Detective frustration. Of course tonight is Friday night and you can't watch T.V. anyway. Visit the doctor on Wednesday and you won't have the *Nova Scotia chicken frustration* again. *Of course you might not have the crud* on Wednesday, or the doctor might be sick too! But...of all the frustrations, the fiercest is the no hill-billy frustration. Quitting hill-billy music which is what we propose, is difficult, like quitting the nicotine habit after ninety-nine and forty-four one hundredth years of addiction, but if you are able to smuggle in a gun and shoot the disc-jockey or to go "rock'n roll"; then you will have defeated the toughest of them all. However, guns are a little hard to come by, and "rock'n roll" is for the *other kind*.

So what're ya gonna do? Just do what comes naturally!

Sob, moan, wail, surrender!

GIRL

in the

OFFICE

This monologue was written expressly to notify all peoples that the girl in the Diamond Office belongs irrevocably to the editor. He does, it may be added, become extremely jealous if anyone else so much as sneaks a peek at her. She belongs. . . .

Many are the violent storms of invective which have vibrated thunderously along the hallowed halls of this institution, and many also are the grotesque, growl-like contortions of facial features witnessed by various impartial observers who have seen some uninformed individuals inquire after the welfare of the dainty little lady. Fist fights have almost occurred over a mere slip of the tongue, a sliding eye-ball, a corrupt smile, or often a well-meant remark that the editor interpreted erroneously.

Her name? No person save the editor knows. Yes, the girl is so dear to the editor's heart that he has never once even let her name whet his lips. Anything else is permitted in the Diamond Office, even the occasional joke about the editor, but never any reference to the shapely little girl with the slanted blue eyes and the golden hair. Never!

And the girl is beautiful. She wears, without exception, a glowing vermilion dress of satin which furls just above her knees, showing the dimple in the knees, and the graceful slope of her

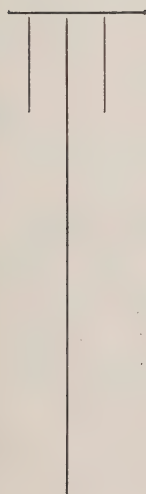
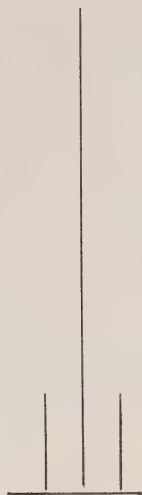
fibrous thighs. Her well-rounded shoulders are brazenly bare, as are her tender, white, and delicately thin arms. Her hands are like immaculate ivory, the fingers long, and the fragile pinpoint nails trimmed with a fiery red. With her left hand; she is forever clasping a fresh, white rose to her healthy bosom. Her hair is the brightest of yellows, her nose is tiny and pert, her eyes are a faint and fathomless blue, and her chin is round and wholesome. Her rouge-daubed cheeks are adorned with slight dimples, and her teeth, all even and white, shine like sun-touched porcelain, exuding warmth, friendliness, and tenderness.

The most unbelievable quality, however, is the girl's capacity for silence. The girl, whatever her lovely name might be, never speaks. She remains silent day after day, always smiling down upon the editor as he peeks ponderously away at his typewriter with his callous covered digits. Very rarely does the editor ever acknowledge her presence, but she smiles. She is always there, and that seems to be enough for the editor.

People have tried to beg, borrow, buy, and steal her, but they have all failed. These manoeuvres only serve as dry, brittle taunts to the editor's suspicious conflagration of anger and jealousy. She is his!

Every once in a long, long while, the editor, after plodding away determinedly for several hours, will sigh, and turn his swivel chair so as to see his maiden better. At such times if one listens closely as the editor gazes up at the wall behind his desk. . . . "Yes," he will say, "1960 was a damn good year for calenders!"

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by

Terry Mackie

Have you ever slouched back on your bunk with a tired sigh and thought of some of the simple things in life that you miss, and that you would now like? A distillery or a brewery, a well-rounded harem, and an easy boy chair would be nice, we agree, but how about the really simple things? Like?..... Like living in an island paradise simply flowing with coconut brews, swaying palm trees, a pale moonlight, the invigorating odour of the ocean, the wind in your hair, sand tickling your feet, and scorpions inhabiting your sleeping chambers! Like a cool summer night, its million silences, cries, and mysterious moods. Like observing from afar the blazing flashes of multicoloured signs and lights in a city; which call out to you, attempting to attract you with their voiceless call, and at the same time destroying the silent strangeness and beauty of the thin-thick, vague-familiar night. Like the sound of clinking glasses, the monotonous drone of the crowd, the shrill sounds of laughter and the salty bitter tears. Like the seldom noticed noises of the human animal; the soft whispers of the night, the stifled sobs of the heartbroken lover, the suppressed giggles of young, the bawdy guffaws, the strained and wheezing coughs, and the violent, silence-shattering breathings. Like the strange, even ring of silence. Like the smell of a dry autumn day at sundown. Like the first snow of winter. Like the torpid hollowness of day...the return of a friend...a soft breeze. Like a contented sigh...a peaceful dream...love and tenderness. Like the end of a day. Like

peace...and quiet...and solitude.

See these things and know them and when, in the dead and black of night, you awaken in a cold sweat crying that whoever wrote this article is nuts, stop only one second and think to yourself that you too must be a nut to have read it. Ah-ha, logical is it not? Oh, the sweet science of logic, in which, if I am not mistaken, you could use a lesson or two. Well, to develop logic, a person must first create the proper argument and comparison, like: what is marriage? Marriage is an institution. It is also a gamble. Therefore marriage, as an institution, is illegal and should be abolished. This is a prime example of logic. Another example? A dumb girl is a dope. A dope is a drug, and is usually administered to relieve pain. Therefore, a dumb girl is just what the doctor ordered. Yet another? Police are men with clubs. Clubs are places of recreation. Recreation is time for play. A play is something that flops. When something flops, it goes flat. Things that go flat are feet. Therefore, police are flat-feet. Again?...Wardens...! This is treading up-on dangerous ground. This is also logical!

Unfortunately, everyone in this ill-begotten world is not a true follower of logic, and this is why the world is in such a dither at the present moment. Now, if I was running a country, the first thing that I would do, in accordance with my duty of course, is ask myself: What is a country? And then I would proceed to answer myself: a country is a place where there are farms, and farms have animals. The animals make money for the farmers (cheap labour). The farmers buy seeds and raise crops with the money. Crops come from barber shops. The barber,

however, doesn't want the crops and sweeps them out of his shop. The sanitary engineers take the crops from the barber shops and deposit them in the city dump. People eat the crops from the farmer. The farmer's animals meanwhile don't know what's going on, the author is slightly baffled, and the farmer's wife is giving birth to her eighth baby. Babies grow up to overpopulate countries, and countries that are overpopulated go hungry. So now you can see the problems that we administrators must face! Of course there are solutions. Nero, bless his kind little soul, found his solution, and if they could solve it then; why can't we solve it now?

The trouble with most administrators these days is that they have no longer any faith in the ouiji board! Can you imagine that! If you're going to run a place right, you require the very latest and best methods of obtaining information, which of course is gossip. Gossip comes from old wives' tales, and tales are on birds. Birds are used in badminton, and badminton is a game, and game means that you bar nothing. If nothing is barred, then at least it cannot be a jail, but also if there are no bars; the place must be pretty boring. I mean, after all, everyone likes a drink now and then; preferably now.

If anyone cares to debate any point with the author of this monologue, he may reach that party at the hospital for the mentally ill. Mentally ill by the way means that a person, instead of being sick to the stomach, is sick to the head, but, that's what you get for trading an upset stomach for a headache!

Remember, never trust your enemies. They might want to be friends.

3

DAYS

by

Chuck Baker

It was three days later, and, if one were to look at Agnes now, he would hardly recognize her. Yes, in three days, there was that much difference in her appearance. Her hair was now the colour of a deep, golden honey and it was heaped up suavely in the latest continental style, which was something like the forward look. Some among her former friends and associates even ventured so far as to declare her hair a work of art, for it not only drew attention to itself, but to the face, and to all the face's finer features as well. It drew attention to her forehead, slightly wrinkled and wide, her tiny nose, which, like most noses, started at a place equidistant from each eye and tapered forward until it protruded about an inch further the front than any other portion of her *face*. It also drew attention to her thin, limp, red lips that seemed to glisten with moisture, her slightly rounded jaw with only the faintest trace of a cleft in the centre of the chin, and that classic, smooth throat, so white and delicate. These features were strikingly flawless, and combined to create a portrait of immaculate perfection.

That which was simply astounding about Agnes, however, and of greatest prominence, was her eyes. The eyes were dark brown

and although they were possessed of a fog-filled haziness, and a wild, staring depth, there was that slightly human quality of meaningless laughter bubbling far in the background.

Observing Agnes in her present apparel, one might think that he could very easily pinpoint her personality, and exactly.

To look at her now, one might think that she was the gay and carefree type; the party-goer, and one who could take the occasional drink and appreciate the humour of a slightly off-coloured joke.

One might also guess that it would be entirely possible, and probable that she was the loving wife of some very handsome, and ruggedly athletic gentleman who shared many interests with her. The same person might guess that Agnes and the ruggedly athletic husband shared pleasure in taking long motor trips to infrequently visited places or summer vacations with swimming and hiking at lively, but secluded resorts, and that they enjoyed skiing and skating in the winter. He might also guess that they shared a mutual longing for the pitter-patter of little feet around the house, and perhaps a thousand and more other beautiful things that assist in making life a little more pleasant.

Again, one might think that she was capable of deep and turbulent emotion.

Yes, one might at first get this impression, especially if that one did not know Agnes.

But, alas, those who had so guessed would be completely wrong, for until three days ago, Agnes had led an extremely uneventful existence. She had worked in a stuffy office as a typist, and had spent most of her off-hours at home, caring for her aged and crippled mother. Other than her job and her mother, Agnes' main interests were reading and sketching, with the occasional journey to the local cinema to eliminate the monotony of a routine.

Three days ago Agnes wore horn-rimmed glasses and no make up. Her hair then had been long and rather scraggly and she had selected her clothes for practical purposes; for warmth and comfort, instead of for style or enhancement of her figure. Three days ago she was shy and quiet and completely disinterested in the male species.

However, three days ago Agnes' monotonous and uninteresting life came to an abrupt foreclosure when she very carelessly walked in front of a speeding automobile.

The office staff felt that they owed Agnes something, so they hired the finest hairdressers, manicurists, and make-up artists, and sent them to beautify Agnes.

Then, as they lowered her in the hard, cold ground, how many of those that knew her wondered at the difference which three days had made?

They

Call

Me

Nuts

Every little word I say seems to strike people as being funny. I do not profess to be a comedian and rather resent the profuse laughter which arises during any one of my daily speeches. Take for instance the other day; I observed that, in the winter, a radiator was a man's best friend. They laughed. I did not think that this was in the least way funny, but still they laughed. Finally I was forced to walk away and ignore them.

by

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Again, several days ago I told a man that I did not like to sleep with blankets over me. He asked me why, and I very truthfully told him that blankets were heavy and tired me out. He laughed. I walked away.

Ha! They're not so smart!

I hear them all the time discussing their problems. Their feet sweat in their shoes and they get foot powder instead of taking off their shoes. Did you ever see a cow with sweaty feet? They're worried about their paroles all

the time when all they have to do is cancel them. They holler and scream for such little things, such as lights in their cell, hot water in their bucket, or food in their stomach. And they cry when they don't get any mail.

And they call me nuts!

Why I'm almost the same as anyone else! I get up in the morning and go to bed at night. I read books, believe that the egg came before the chicken, and watch television. I go to the movies, play cards, take the odd bath every year, shave sometimes, and even brush my teeth. I take my pants off before I go to bed at night, and put them on again in the morning. Of course I always wear my beloved baseball sweater, morning, noon and night. I make my bed in the morning, tie my shoes, comb my hair, and then pick up my tray and walk toward the kitchen. Halfway to the kitchen, I remember that I forgot to bring my juice cup, so I return to my cell to get it, and then proceed once more toward the kitchen. All is well then until after breakfast. I sit on my bunk after finishing eating and think of the day when I will land on the moon. The man then opens my door and I take my tray to the kitchen, but stop half way, remembering that I forgot to leave my juice cup in my cell. I run back to my cell and put the juice cup on my table, and then start again for the kitchen.

After that, everything is comparatively easy. Everyone I see just tells me to stay out of the way for the rest of the day. Now, this might sound like the easiest job there could be, but don't let the sound of it fool you. Sometimes it's pretty difficult to stay out of everyone's way. There's so many people around here, you're always running into

somebody. I try hard to stay out of everyone's way, but sometimes I find that I've got myself in the way, and then someone will scream at me and tell me to get out of the way and to stay out of the way for the rest of the day. All in all though, it's not a bad job. I've been working at it for six years now and I've got lots of experience on how to stay out of the way.

At nights it's a little harder for me. I would really like to remain in my cell at night, but if I did that I would miss all those exciting programmes on the television set. It's true I do get a little excited when the cowboys come on, but otherwise I'm quiet and reserved. Just the other night for instance the next programme scheduled on the set was a western with lots of guns and horses and killings and fist fights, but no cows. I really like cowboys, even if there are no cows, but on this particular night they didn't put the western on; they put on Judy Garland. Can you imagine that! Why, any damn fool knows that Bonanza is better than Judy Garland. All she can do is sing. Boy, and I wasn't the only guy that didn't like the performance. No siree! Why, I'll bet that half the other guys wanted Bonanza too, but they told us that it wasn't on; that it had been cancelled. I ain't so stupid, though, I knew it was on, but I just thought that maybe there was a slight chance that it wasn't on, so I didn't say anything because I knew that if I did and I was wrong; they would all laugh at me.

I guess from now on I'll just have to stay in my cell and play solitaire. It's much more fun anyway, and no one can laugh at me if I make a mistake.

MORTGAGE

MANOR



by

Lex Schrag

A low-hanging curse enshrouds Mortgage Manor, that half-acre of desolation in the wilds of Outer Suburbia, like a bank of fog. Only the ramshackle hovel on Skid Boulevard could have been visited by such a misfortune as the incident of the Wandering Tooth.

The manor is lugubriously inhabited by the churl, the churless, Sean, an illiterate, hairy Kerry Blue terrier, and Itsy, the semi-Persian, official, inside cat.

For those happily unfamiliar with the shorter Anglo-Saxon words, the dictionary defines a churl as: a freeman of lowest rank; a rustic, a boor; a rough, surly, ill-bred fellow; a selfish miser, a niggard. In addition, the incumbent of Mortgage Manor is overly fat, over fifty and an employee of *The Sphere*, the leading (and only) morning newspaper of Autopolis.

A churless of course, is a female churl—or, in this case, the wife, spouse or helpmeet of a churl. Unlike her flabby husband, the churless is energetic, cheerful and filled with confidence in a glorious resurrection. Topo-

graphically, she is tall, willowy and graceful in the slightly awkward, angular fashion of an adolescent school-girl.

Sean is a merry-hearted Hibernian rogue, kind to children and peddlers. His chief ambition is to gnaw the head off Tulip, the unofficial, free-loading outside cat. Itsy, on the other hand, is reserved and introvert. Having been relieved of her social obligations at an early age, she leads a life of contemplation.

The churl, understandably, has few friends. One of the dearest of these few was his lower right molar.

Together, they had shared the good and the bad for more than forty years: dehydrated mutton and jellied eel in England, Arctic char in Ungava, langouste thermidor in New Orleans.

Their parting was ordered and inflicted by Doc Wrench, the churl's dentist. Peering, awestricken, into the churl's vast oral cavity, he observed:

"Say, it's no wonder you've had a toothache. That back molar has been dead for months. Let's get it out of there."

"Fumpf!" replied the churl. "Bfuff wmp spuck mm fiffle!"

Intrigued by this statement, Dr. Wrench removed several pounds of machinery and packing from the churl's mouth and asked for an elucidation in English.

"Take the tooth out if you must," the churl interpreted. "but be sure and get my denture back with the new snapper on it by tomorrow morning. The Broken Arms Hotel is opening a new addition tomorrow, and I have an invitation. They put on a terrific spread."

Although he was mildly disgusted by his patient's greed, Dr. Wrench offer-

ed every assurance that the churl's store teeth, modified and in full working order, would be available the following morning.

The churl was the first client to pass Dr. Wrench's portals, next day. He cautiously seated himself in the Iron Maiden, and anxiously awaited developments.

Dr. Wrench produced the rebuilt denture. He gazed at it fixedly, then emitted a resounding oath. Wordlessly, he presented it to the churl. The churl gave vent to a low but poignant wail of grief and frustration.

The laboratory had put the new tooth on the wrong end of the denture.

It should not be imagined, however, that each and every day at the manor is fraught with such a degree of catastrophe. Some of them are immeasurably worse. This is implicit in the nomenclature of the churl's unlovely estate.

When it was established, with the financial aid of a government grateful for the patriotic manner in which the churl had warmed a chair during the Second World War, it was embowered in two clinging mortgages.

Of the manor's mortgagees, one lived on Slid Boulevard and anxiously followed the churl's every movement through a pair of powerful binoculars.

The other, the Pound of Flesh Finance and Foreclosure Corporation, was more subtle in its approach to the problem. It advised the churl that an obeah manikin which resembled him in every horrid detail had been carefully deposited in its vaults.

If he sought to evade his payments, or even fell in arrears, a vice-president would be told off to drive heated pins into the image until the churl met his obligations.

The churl had not required such threats to convince him that life was earnest, life was dreadful. He and the churlless had emigrated from Autopolis to escape congestion, smog and high taxes. In the wilds of Outer Suburbia they were greeted by dust, a dearth of municipal services and higher taxes.

Water and sewer mains were notable, on Skid Boulevard, for their absence. The manor was dependent upon a pressure system and a septic tank for the finer things of life, such as a glass of water, or the ability to wash one or more hands.

Even these amenities were obtainable only at the cost of ceaseless vigilance and grinding toil. The township's administration of its building codes was somewhat lax. By lucky chance (one of the few instances in which fortune favored him) the churl found that the contractor, a Mr. Grudnyk, had failed to obtain a plumbing permit.

Investigation disclosed the fact that Mr. Grudnyk considered 75 feet of weeping tile constituted an adequate drainage bed for the septic tank. Both the churl and the township disagreed. With every evidence of distaste, Mr. Grudnyk installed the 125 feet of tile needed to bring the drainage bed up to the municipality's standards.

In the end, however, Mr. Grudnyk triumphed. After he had been seized and possessed of the manor, the churl, with typical hindsight, brought a builder of his acquaintance to appraise his estate.

The builder delivered his opinion in two, terse words.

"Good God!" he said.

One of the construction expert's first actions was to delve down through the sandy soil to the tile bed.

"That," he advised the churl, with

gloomy satisfaction, "will freeze as soon as the first frost hits it."

The manor is situated in what might jocularly be described as the temperate belt of North America. That is to say, the temperature ranges from thirty degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, to 105 above, though not, as a rule, in the same day. Snowfall rarely exceeds five feet in any 24 hours and not even the oldest settler can recall more than twelve inches of rainfall in the same period.

On the suggestion of the visiting builder, the churl ordered a dozen loads of fill with which to insulate the tile bed from winter's icy blast. He and the churlless had moved in at the end of October. Action, it appeared, was of the essence.

Although the churl, in loyalty to his newspaper, attempts to present a spherical appearance to a disinterested public, his physiognomy is anthropoidal rather than globular. It was so developed by the tile bed campaign.

The fill, as delivered by an ebullient trucker, was supposed to consist of sandy loam. It was, in fact, overburden that had been scraped from the verges of the township roads, and contained a large proportion of heavy gravel.

The truck could not dump it on the tile bed, for fear of fracturing the delicate tile. The material, therefore, was piled some fifty feet from the area on which it was to be spread.

Thus, of a chill November day, the churl borrowed the only wheelbarrow available in the neighbourhood and set to work. The barrow had been designed for moving semi-liquid concrete from mixer to form. It was capacious.

By actual count, the churl trundled 99 barrowloads of gravel from the mountainous mound of fill to the tile

bed. Thereafter, it was necessary for the churlless to knot her husband's arms loosely at the back of his neck. Otherwise, he tended to step on his hands when he walked. He earned a few honest dollars during the succeeding year when circuses visited his bailiwick, substituting for ailing orangutangs.

Another of Mr. Grudnyk's little economies wrought misery in the following spring. He had not believed the manorhut required a sump. In lieu thereof, he let two small tiles, seemingly at random, into the cellar floor so that any water spilled in the basement could drain off into the sandy soil beneath it.

Unfortunately, Skid Boulevard had a high water table which became even higher in spring. The churl awoke to a low, burbling sound, one morning, to find that he had acquired a junior replica of the Johnstown Flood.

This was eventually returned to the great outdoors by the process of buying a fourteen-inch tile, chopping a hole in the cellar floor, installing the tile and setting up a sump pump therein. Although the churl was a non-swimmer, he felt his efforts would have shamed those of the most proficient Navy frogman.

To be sure, the water spewed out by the sump pump promptly soaked into the ground and seeped back into the cellar again. But the churl felt he had gained a moral victory. It was possible, so long as the pump was in operation, to reach most parts of the cellar without donning a diving suit.

The water problem was finally resolved in later and more solvent years. The township put in a watermain, and a genial artisan of Latin extraction broke through the cellar floor along the

footings, laid drainage tile and neatly sealed the wounds. Since these operations, the churl has had an ample water supply, a dry basement and an empty wallet.

He could never feel, however, that the catastrophes which descended upon Mortgage Manor were of the same grand and sweeping calibre as those achieved by Launcelot O'Haggard, one of his fellow-journalists.

Mr. O'Haggard was handy with tools. He could take his automobile to pieces and put it together again without having enough spare parts left over to build a bicycle. He was a perfectionist in the adaptation and maintenance of his dwellings.

He had bought a rather elderly house in a part of Further Suburbia which was provided with water and sewage. He found, to his displeasure that the hot and cold taps on his sinks, basins and baths were reversed. This is to say, the cold taps were on the left and the hot taps on the right.

Forthwith, he decided to remedy this situation. What, he asked himself, would be simpler than to cross-connect the hot and cold pipes in the basement?

This, he felt, would be much less laborious than changing the piping under each, individual appliance. With Stillson, tap and die, he attacked the situation.

After a hard day's work, he surveyed his modification with proud eyes, and bellowed to his family that the normal use of the household facilities might be resumed.

His wife, a handsome and accomplished woman, proceeded at once to the bathroom. There was a pause, then the sound of running water. This was followed by screams of outrage from Mrs. O'Haggard.

She emerged from the bathroom and issued the following statement:

"You fathead, Launcelot! I damned near got scalded! Now, get busy and put those pipes back the way they were, or I'm going home to mother!"

Mr. O'Haggard had forgotten that one of the conveniences in the bathroom had been built to operate on cold water, and cold water only.

Not all of the churl's difficulties were the product of his real estate. Many of them were contributed by his neighbors, such as Mr. Plunger, the plumber

For years, Mr. and Mrs. Plunger had scrimped and saved to raise a family, pay for their home and acquire a business of their own. At last, success crowned their efforts. With the explosive development of Outer Suburbia, Mr. Plunger became positively well-to-do.

He was not the sort to forget the help and encouragement he had been given by his loving wife. One morning, an armoured truck drew up before the Plunger residence. Two uniformed guards got out, carrying a locked strongbox. This they delivered, with every token of respect and goodwill, to Mrs. Plunger, being careful to obtain her signature on a receipt.

"I was never so surprised in all my life," she later told the churless. "What do you think was in the box?"

"Goodness knows!" breathed the churless, all agog.

"One thousand one-dollar bills," rapturously sighed Mrs. Plunger. "Bob had sent them to me to buy whatever I wanted."

"My!" oohed the churless. "What did you do?"

"Well," said Mrs. Plunger, "I hope that fat slob of a husband of yours

doesn't find out, but I dumped them out on the livingroom floor. And then I took my shoes and stockings off, and paddled around through them, bare-foot!"

News of Mr. Plunger's munificence spread as rapidly along the street as though the late Mr. Revere had been in charge of its publication. Mr. Plunger at once became the idol of the feminine population, and cordially hated by all the husbands of Skid Boulevard.

In self defense, the churl was at last compelled to vouchsafe his wife some recognition of the courage and pioneering spirit with which she had helped him tame the wilderness. He bought her a small foreign automobile, unlovingly dubbed The Bucket, and thus became the first two-car indigent on the street.

The churl made a brief and abortive effort to teach his spouse the rudiments of automotivity. He began with a lecture on the principles of the internal combustion engine. He was soon interrupted.

"Never mind all that yak!" snapped the churless. "Just tell me how to make it GO!"

After a rigid moment or so while the churl fought for control of his emotions, he mildly observed that it was equally important to know how to make it stop. He then abandoned any and all attempts at driving tuition. He would, he informed the churless, underwrite driving lessons up to a cost of \$100. If, after the expenditure of that sum, she was unable to obtain a license, The Bucket would be sold, and the proceeds of the sale devoted to charity, namely, the reduction of his overdraft.

To the churl's immense surprise, the churless passed her driving tests with \$20 to spare. To his even greater

amazement, she returned the surplus funds and showed little interest in motoring for motoring's sake.

She steadfastly refused to venture into the city with her diminutive machine. She would drive to a supermarket on the immediate outskirts, park The Bucket and make her way downtown by bus. She was careful to sprint for the manor before the roaring herd thundered onto the Suburbia Battleground in the evening rush for home and a highball.

Most of her driving, in fact, consisted of rounding up members of the Herring Park Aquatic Church Women's Association, and in returning them to their homes when their missions had been accomplished.

The churless was elected president of this devoted organization when it was formed. The churl regarded her executive responsibilities with no enthusiasm. He had been dragged up in the Antagonistic faith, himself, and he disliked having to do his own cooking on the days when the churless was tearing about the community, spreading sweetness and light.

He was further disgruntled when it appeared that his wife had a lifelong appointment.

"I've *tried* to get some of the other girls to take the presidency," she desperately assured him, "and they just *won't!*"

"Small wonder!" snarled the churl. "You're the only one of them with a car of your own. If some of those other dames got the job, they'd all have to pay bus fares to get to the meetings."

"Well," sighed the churless. "I've just *got* to have more money. I can't run the house and the car on what you're giving me."

"Then you can get out and earn it!"

roared the churl. "I bought you the blasted car, and you agreed you could run it on your allowance, and that if you needed more money, you'd do a bit of part-time nursing. GET GOING, GAL!!!"

As per instructions, the churless applied for and obtained occasional work at a suburban hospital, where she relieved the regular staff. She recovered a large measure of her independence. The churl, on the other hand, found himself presiding over the skillet more and more frequently.

This state of affairs, though it augmented ill for the churl's digestion, strengthened the somewhat tenuous bonds between him and Sean. Both of them felt neglected. To alleviate the dog's sense of bereavement when his mistress was absent, the churl took to letting him out for a brisk bit of cross-country work with Tulip, the feline free-loader.

Tulip — so-called because of his bright orange decor — belonged to a Skid Boulevard neighbour who did not believe in pampering cats by feeding them. He was the only cat the churl had ever seen stand on its hind legs to beg.

Tulip haunted the front porch of the manor, wailing a tale of woe and starvation. Occasionally, he hurled himself bodily at the door to convince the churless that he was dying for want of food.

"Why in tunket," the churl querulously asked his wife, "don't you chase the miserable beast away? Sean's always trying to get at him, and it's got to the point where I can't get out the front door without the dog trying to barøe past me."

"The poor beast's hungry," the churless replied with dignity, thus disposing of her husband's plaintive argu-

ment.

Rather than loose his Hibernian hound of war, the churl first tried the water treatment. He solemnly poured a cup of water over Tulip at every opportunity. The cat did not care for this procedure. Yet he faithfully returned to the porch after each application. Indeed, his appetite seemed to be improved.

There being no other alternative, the churl accidentally let Sean tear the front door out of his hand.

The ensuing steeplechase was an entertaining spectacle, but it failed completely to endear the churl or the dog to the neighbours.

Tulip took the lead and cleared the first hedge with inches to spare, going easily. Sean, however, had not been properly groomed for the event. His mistress had left his bangs rather long, and they got in his eyes. He was unable to see the hedges until it was too late for him to jump them. But he was not a dog to be quickly discouraged. He went through the hedges.

He had, of course, a considerable margin in horsepower, but Tulip had superior traction. The cat cornered magnificently and rocketed up a tree. Sean failed to note this manoeuvre and plowed straight ahead. His course carried him into collision with a cross-bred Chow several doors away. The two dogs thereupon settled down contentedly, albeit rather noisily, to chew

each other's heads off.

Waddling rapidly to the scene of carnage, the churl managed to restore comparative peace by lifting his terrier out of the fray by the scruff of his neck. He found himself confronted, however, with threats of police action from the Chow's owner, and demands for hedge renovation from several residents along the route of the parade. Next morning, Tulip was back at his old stand, yowling poignantly.

It would be gross exaggeration, nevertheless, to imply that life in Outer Suburbia is an unrelieved succession of trials and tribulations.

There are days when the sun is bright, when the sky is a deep, electric blue, when the churless is loping about the hinterland, doing good, when Sean is at the dog factory, undergoing repairs. When, in short, every prospect pleases.

Then, the churl having consigned his weedy garden to the care of his Satanic Majesty, and having loaded a tankard with malt tonic, stretches his battered frame upon a steamer chair. He fills his lungs with the balmy breeze, sips his brew and heaves a gusty sigh of satisfaction.

At this juncture, the telephone rings.

The voice of the churl's city editor blithely announces:

"Get your bag packed, bub! There's a little job for you to do in Alaska!"

Yet saw he something in the lives

Of those who ceased to live

That rounded them with majesty,

Which living failed to give.

Thomas Hardy

LETTERS

TO THE

Dear Sirs:

While reading your quaint little magazine, I was wondering what would happen to people in jails in the event of a nuclear attack. It's funny how one's mind can wander off into idle thought, but the question has been plaguing me, and since it was you who indirectly incited this, perhaps you could help clear it up.

Sincerely,

Ray Chandler.

Editor's Note: *Inmates are not super-human or invincible beings; thus, in the event of a nuclear attack, I would imagine that they, as everyone else, would die.*

Dear Editor:

Your magazine is well worth a dollar. I found it interesting and informative, so enclosed is my dollar for one years subscription.

Wishing you and your staff the best of luck, I remain,

Yours,

Jeremiah Lang

EDITOR

Dear Editor:

What are you doing for kicks this year? You publish a pretty good sheet — at times. How many hours a day do you work?

Yours truly,

John Henry.

Editor's Note: *The answer to your first question would be: same as last year; nothing. Thank you for the ... compliment (?). Your second question has me rather stumped. I resent the word work; slave is much better!*

Dear Gentlemen:

I know it must be terrible to be kept all locked up like you are, so I am sending you this dollar to help out your magazine. Also I am sending another dollar for a subscription. I think you boys are doing a good job, and I can't understand how some people can send you such nasty letters. You may publish this letter if you like and meanwhile I will be looking forward to the next issue.

Yours very sincerely,

Mrs. Emily Kennedy